O, the deuill take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue mee,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I haue done Ifaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners,
Deliuer them vp, without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the Douglas ſonne your onely meane:
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble prelate welbelou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hotſpur. Of Yorke, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at Briſtow the Lord Scroope:
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hotſp. I ſmell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game is afoot, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aimd.
Wor. And t'is no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.